

The Critic

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North American Review

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Authors at Home

MRS. JAMES T. FIELDS IN BOSTON *

IT WILL BE written of Boston, once so full of intellectual glory, and of grave regard for "the things that are more excellent," how she held out, for a long time, against the Goths and Vandals of merely material progress; and how, all of a sudden, somewhere between 1888 and 1898, she threw herself into their arms with a *brio* which made her elder hearts stand still with dismay. The invasion of the sacred Common, too, meant more than it said. One feels instinctively that everything immemorial in the town, the literary shrine especially, goes for less than it did, even three years ago. The time may soon arrive, when the degenerate New Englander, or uninstructed pilgrim from the West, can pass No. 148 Charles Street without blinking; but it is well to add, that so far the hypothesis is incredible. Though only a solid item in a red brick block, it is a very thrilling door-

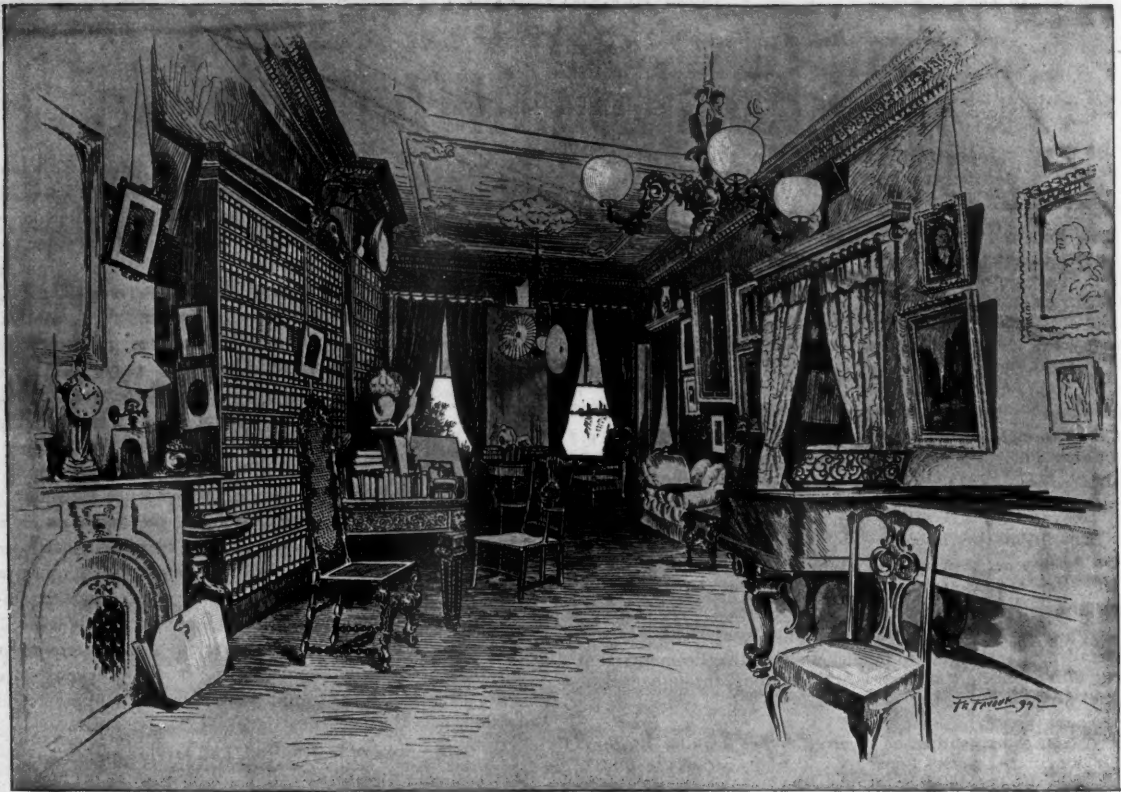
way: dominated by no one association, it can "flash upon the inward eye" many great blending colors. On that knob Emerson's hand has been, how many, many times; the steps keep the spirit-print of Longfellow's feet; Thackeray's tender voice haunts the porch: the whole tall dwelling, from its sombre front to its exquisite windows commanding the broad river, is astir and sparkling with the memories of men of genius, poets, wits, familiars; Hawthorne, who went long ago, as real there as Kipling, who came yesterday, and will come again to-morrow. Mr. Fields, as all the world knows, was a partisan of the gods upon the earth. So keen and right was his apprehension, that he, at least, would have known at sight what sunburnt hind was keeping the flocks of Admetus; in point of fact, it was he who gave De Quincey, and not De Quincey alone, the due laurel, the lamp, and the pedestal. Since his lamented death, the tradition of open house to the immortals has been kept up, by his old hearth-stone. To dine there is to have aureoled company; to sleep there is to see spirits. This indoor atmosphere does more than retain the impress of the great, as gallery or inn, by favor, might do: it is charged with intimate talk and aspiration, and written all over with runes of friendship heartening to recall. Dickens is most palpably present; so is Lowell; your silences count for worship, and exhale meekly,

"In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights."

M. Ferdinand Brunetière wrote the other day upon his portrait, given at parting to Mrs. Fields: "Souvenir d'un court séjour, d'une longue reconnaissance." Those of us who feel the perspective of the place, and find the one figure in its foreground nobly and graciously worthy of it, have always more to be mindful of, and thankful for, after the "short sojourn," than can be put into a formal acknowledgment to the living.

From the din of trolley cars, in what was once the stately highway to Cambridge (debouching upon the Craigie Bridge, "that justly celebrated structure," as it is set down in the epitaph of its architect, decent body! at Concord), you may cross the house at every landing, towards a stretch of water, and towards a view which has been proclaimed "Venetian" for generations. The sapphire tidal basin of the Charles, always full of sound and motion, is particularly enchanting from the green-carpeted, autumn-tinted drawing-room, which it seems to fill. The outlook is much finer than from the better-known Beacon Street waterside; for here you escape the massy dulness of the Cambridgeport shores, and have a clear sweep to Parker Hill. The nearest object, between that and you is a long garden, simple and monastic; the only garden left in the neighborhood; lawn, vines, a graceful tree or two, and a bench at the end, over the sea-wall, facing the sunset. Photographic views of the back of the house, taken from that vantage-point, have disclosed in it a quaint manorial English aspect; something which Mr. Pennell or Mr. Railton would delight to draw. Every western chamber gives on the bay, and on its delicately-ranged lights, after dark. The charm of the scene, civic yet wild, is perennial. One might defy Charles Lamb himself, though "The Matchless Orinda" of 1678 lay under the candle, to keep his face anywhere but against the evening pane. Yet, to the lover of the English classics, it is a most exciting interior. I remember being taken there, very long ago, by an old friend of Mrs. Fields (then absent) and suffering several never-forgotten joyous shocks in rapid succession, as if stepping unawares within a tingling fairy-ring. The

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MRS. FIELDS'S DRAWING-ROOM

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From "A Shelf of Old Books," by Mrs. James T. Fields. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons

earlier of these came from the glanced-at title-page of a casual book in a rack on the table; a first edition of "Paradise Lost!" The other, the next moment, came from the glowing and pathetic Pope, painted by Richardson, over the mantel where it has always hung; and to one who had inherited a particular love of Pope, and knew in what melancholy times the canvas was begun at Twickenham, it brought a childish emotion hardly to be borne.

But the spacious drawing-room is full of these electric delights. Everything is not only beautiful, but an original, a token at first hand; pictures, autographs, books, are almost too precious to breathe upon. Many papers have been written of Mr. Fields's unique library, in which treasures have their sentimental value beyond price. One meets plenty of magnificent tooling and need not be a bibliophile to be glad to see it adorning a Blake, a Ruskin, a Gray, or a Warton which was Horace Walpole's own copy, and says so, in his elegant hand. The linked names of Shelley and Leigh Hunt are upon the fly-leaf of the brown "Diogenes Laertius," their joint property; Byron's private "Don Juan" contains his text-correction after publication, with wistfully ironic remarks to his dear Murray, and his dear Murray's faithless printers. The chief modern glory of the incomparable collection is between the plain, much-worn covers where marginal notes are scrawled: some of them by "such an one as S. T. C.!" The seventeenth century is here in folio after folio, and the eighteenth in morocco and ornate borders. The shelves have a human fragrance: many a volume tacitly tells that it has not seen a shop since its birth, or that it has been passed along, from one loving hand to another, enriched by every ownership.

The great room is a nave of books, broken only by a piano of pedigree, the stack of priceless Cameron photographs, the few curios, and the pictures; and also by the fireplace. Near that, hangs Severn's sweet watercolor head of Keats, with a lock of Keats's fine bronze hair framed under the glass. On the wall opposite, is the Hancock Lamb, and beneath, the holograph of the immortal invitation to "puns at nine." Mary Russell Mitford smiles close by, in her big cap; and Dickens, in Alexander's large canvas, looks up from the manuscript of "David Copperfield," with the most alert eyes in the world, as if listening to the talk of those about the burning log, and enjoying again its rose-red glow. Even the tall carved chairs, disposed here and there, with an air of aristocratic indifference, in key with the surroundings, have a heroic history. They bear the arms of the ducal house of Ormonde, to which they belonged, while they inhabited the gray romantic Kilkenny castle which bred a Norman-Irish race of fair renown: men ever loyal to the right, as they saw it. Between the good Earl of Charles the First's time, and the other good Earl of Charles the Second's time, the chairs and the rest of the household effects came to grief; for the Puritan-star was up, and the Butlers were loyal and luckless. We read that in 1652, my lady the Countess of Ormonde traveled from Caen to London, to claim, under promise, from Cromwell, her sequestered property. But the old chairs, at least, were not restored, and after falling to the auctioneer, came happily to anchor by the banks of an American river named for the very King for whose sake they and their masters had suffered a hard fate. There are thirteen of them, and they are useful and used. Since they have so often harbored illustrious mortality in the latter

age, one respectfully hopes that they do not miss too bitterly the lace and lovelocks, and the Cavalier scabbards, of the stormier days at home.

Two little rooms flank the drawing-room, lined from floor to ceiling with more books. The less frequented of these looks across the garden to the passing gulls, and the waves

"Heard seldom in the busy day,
But oh, divine at night."

In its middle, very effectively placed against the quadrangular dark ground, stands Miss Anne Whitney's bust of Keats; and below its bracket, the perfectly posed Listening Narcissus of everybody's admiration. The sister room, across the hall, is brightened, in its turn, by engravings and a jar of fresh jonquils. Here, also, is Mrs. Fields's ordinary desk, sacred to the minor matters which fill more than half of her disinterested life; pictures of Emerson, Thackeray, Rogers, Coleridge and Scott, serve to cheer a pen which works there daily. Her scriptorium is riverward and skyward: an odd-shaped, homelike convent cell, where dust finds its sole asylum, and Dante, in plaster, severely dominates the long shelf under the roof: a place secure from interruption, fruitful in calm Virgilian verse, and, much oftener, in various harmoniously-proportioned biographies, which no one does so well outside of France. In the generous house of many chambers, the study, the library, is, nevertheless, amazingly ubiquitous. Each repository has its trophies of taste and civilization; hundreds of books, which call for jealous guardianship, are ranged along the more secluded walls. Any of these retreats would be an unparalleled Limbus Patrum for reading spirits not ripe for heaven! Though the small upstairs rooms, too, remember all the crowned sons of New England, for some fifty years, they, like their mistress, are disposed to welcome poeticules of good moral standing, and to shed upon respectful budding scholars a truly Bodleian smile.

At her Boston home Mrs. Fields is always to be found, when she is not traveling in search of kind weather and mental refreshment, or established in her beloved and love-worthy summer nest at Manchester-by-the-Sea. In both idyllic abodes, in town and country, as also on happy journeyings, she has for companion, a great part of the year, her friend Miss Sarah Orne Jewett. To say this is to record the unabated fortune of a fortunate old house. The honey of pure literature is always fresh there in the hive, and one more reason is in the making, why No. 148 Charles Street will hereafter be dear and famous. Miss Jewett's study is, so to speak, on the inland side; the city's roar must fall soft as Pan's pipes on so humane, so urbane an ear. Thus, in the heart of the town, yet also in a sort of abbatial solitude, among her plants, her books, her memories, and the faces of affectionately-cared-for guests, Mrs. Fields lives. It is not the busiest person who sounds the loud timbrel, and fills the morning newspaper. Here is one, who with energetic capacity, and in untroubled peace, fulfils an immense number of self-imposed duties.

Mrs. Fields's forethought touches not only the conduct of a perfectly ordered household, but every side of co-operative charity, and public welfare. Her pleasure, her strict enthusiasm, is, of course, literature. Her work in letters is impersonal, as only a strong personality dares to make it. Never having written a line of fiction, she has forfeited the wider recognition of our day, and instead of it, goes on winning the approval, and the quotation, of "the blessed few." Though an idealist and a precisian through and through, neither her art, nor her presence, would deter; with infinite tact, on a fund of quiet, she is the most cordial of comrades and playmates, and a catholic lover of good new things. Some philosopher has reminded us that we acquiesce by processes more intellectual than our doubt-

ing and scoffing, and it is a joy to find that "those who know," in Dante's packed phrase, are ever the most indulgent in their whole attitude towards life. Mrs. Fields liberally sustains all that is best in the spirit of the community which so much admires her. Something in her ordered choice, her exclusions, her taste (austere only because its familiar standard is the best), reminds one of Mrs. Meynell, rather than of any other contemporary. Like Mrs. Meynell, too, she has a charming play of humor: a high light in a fastidious and reticent character. With so sure a poise, she can afford to be conservative; no railer in the teeth of anything that is, she yet keeps up a byplay of exquisite protest against the feverish, the uncontrolled. Let it stand as a small but full indication of this quality, that she still wears her hair in the loose, low-drawn coiffure of gentlewomen in the years of her youth: a coiffure dear to artists, and possible, with grace, only to pensive faces.

Fashions come and fashions go, even in Boston; but one comely head, its dark gloss threaded with silver, is always the same, and maintains everywhere a shy but positive influence in behalf of simplicity, self-knowledge and repose. It is Annie Fields. For the rest, her portrait in black-and-white is a bit difficult. She should be painted by a master like George Fuller, who never feared to throw a mother-o'-pearl mist around his favorite sitter, and so helped to baffle those who were not born to find out her beauty and her meaning, through all seeming withdrawal, by the light of something in themselves.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

Literature

"The Tales of John Oliver Hobbes"

Frederick A. Stokes Co.

THIS BOOK contains the four sparkling fantasias that won for their author early fame. It is not probable that we shall see again the like of "The Sinner's Comedy," "Some Emotions and a Moral," "A Study in Temptations" and "A Bundle of Life." Mrs. Craigie has already left them behind her, and is doing other things in other ways—more rounded, more strenuous work.

In the preface to the second edition of "A Study in Temptations," the author explains clearly what she has wished to do in her novelettes. It is not often that intention and accomplishment in literature are permitted to coincide so thoroughly as they do here. She wrote to amuse—but to amuse the intelligent. She did not intend to write novels nor to put the whole of life in a nutshell. In her modest phrase, the tales were desired to be "simple, yet not altogether meaningless; unreal, yet not impossible." They are to meet the mood of the tired but not stupid mind in the hours when, seeking solace in books, it longs "to draw a veil on actualities and see a shadow-life frisking on tip-toes, followed by a dance of sorrows and a merry-making of cares."

A recent essayist has pointed out that it is just this restful admixture of the fantastic with the possible that gives Stevenson's tales of adventure their hold upon the audience to whom they chiefly appeal. Mrs. Craigie has mixed the two elements in very subtle proportions, and, as a result, her success in achieving the effect for which she strove has been occasionally counted as a defect.

The stories may be read and then re-read with equal pleasure and an almost equal feeling of novelty. To be quite frank, one remembers of the plot and characters in all of the tales, save perhaps "The Sinner's Comedy," only as much as one recalls of the design of a point-lace flounce seen once and admired before it was folded away. In either case there remains a vivid impression of something airy, intricate, delicate and fine of its kind. Certainly fiction is entitled to its point-lace flounces as well as its patterns of tweed. The one does not interfere with the other

and the mind must be curiously constructed which does not see the worth of both. The reader who may be seeking entertainment of the exquisite if limited kind that these tales afford will discover nothing better of their sort. Their cleverness and distinction of phrase and epithet will always make them a joy to the discerning in such matters. Good epigram will always be comparatively rare for the reason that the mental period during which it is most felicitously produced is quite brief. The active mind often outgrows the desire to create it before the power to do so is fairly ripened. The kind of cleverness which has for young brains the cheer and exhilaration of a glowing fire on a frosty night no longer warms and solaces the matured mind. From a worthy end of expression epigram tends to become a means, and not always the means preferred. Weight is better than wit. The world which at eighteen seems very proper material upon which to sharpen one's wits is something more serious at twenty-eight. This law of development makes it improbable that Mrs. Craigie will ever again be so profusely and recklessly clever as she shows herself in commenting on the motions of her marionettes in these early stories. If there were no other reason why they should be collected and put together for presentation on the library shelves, their spendthrift brilliance is reason enough. The book-lover's only regret will be that they are not more fittingly clad.

"The Encyclopædia of Sport"

In 2 vols. Vol. I. A-Leo. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

STROUT'S "Sports and Pastimes of the People of England," well known to a certain class of book-collectors, was first published in 1801; and a little before the middle of the century there appeared an "Encyclopædia of Rural Sports." It is curious to find mentioned in the former work, as obsolete sports, of interest to antiquarians, several which are now more vigorously pursued than ever, while new sports have arisen, and a few of an exceptionally cruel character, such as badger-baiting, have been wholly abandoned. The existence of numerous all-round athletic clubs, many of whose members take a catholic interest in sports of all sorts without practising any, should make success certain for a well-edited and illustrated encyclopædia to take the place of these obsolete works. Such an encyclopædia (judging from the first volume) is that edited by the Earl of Suffolk and others. Its scheme is much more comprehensive than that of any previous work of its kind. They are by no means solely British sports that are described. We have articles on bear shooting in America, Russia, India and Scandinavia; on the American bison, by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt; on Spanish bull-fighting, on camping-out, on alligator shooting, on deer-stalking in the Caucasus, by Prince Demidoff, on American football, by Caspar Whitney and T. A. Cook, on Irish sports and on the Arabian horse. In short, the work seems intended to include all the civilized outdoor sports of the globe. The subjects, too, are frequently examined from several points of view, scientific, legal, even literary, as well as that of the pure sportsman. Several of the articles, as for example Mr. Roosevelt's on the bison, and others on big game, may be said to have mainly an historical interest, for the animals treated of have been nearly exterminated. The writers almost invariably blame commercial rapacity for this complete wiping-out of species; but it is unfortunately too true that so-called sportsmen have been almost as much concerned in it. Mr. Shearman's article, under the caption "Amateur," shows how difficult it is to keep up a distinction between people who practise sports for play, and those who pursue them for profit; it appears to be yet harder to get a distinction so much as acknowledged between the man who finds his pleasure in overcoming difficulties, and the lazy and luxurious butcher. The true object of sport is to restore what was of value in the wild life of mankind. To pursue sport in such a highly civilized way as obviates all necessity for courage, endurance and skill, is to make it another form

of vice. Again, in other cases, the complication of rules is such as seems calculated to train lawyers rather than athletes. We are glad to find protests in this volume against these two tendencies. It will be a sorry day when Leech's cockney becomes the accepted model of a sportsman.

The plates and other illustrations are excellent and are almost all new. Among the former are photogravures of the sable antelope, the grizzly bear, canoeing, coursing, red deer, duck shooting, wild geese, fox hunting, homing pigeons, stag hunting and the leopard.

"Through the Gold Fields of Alaska"

To Bering Straits. By Harry De Windt. Harper & Bros.

ALTHOUGH the war with Cuba has overshadowed the Klondike, yet because there are thousands of our fellow-citizens beyond the Chilkoot Pass, the public will welcome this interesting book. It is told in a simple, straightforward style, and the adventures are far out of the common. Mr. De Windt started out in execution of a scheme which, had it succeeded, would have required a book entitled "From New York to Paris by Land." The proposed route was from the borough of Manhattan to Juneau, thence across the Chilkoot Pass to a chain of lakes at the head of the Yukon and thence down to Fort St. Michael on Bering Sea, the transit to Asia being over the ice, or on the revenue cutter Bear. In Siberia it was hoped to reach the settlement of Anadyrsk, which has bi-yearly communication with St. Petersburg, 6,000 miles away. The author was one year making his preparations. He begins his narrative at Juneau, the starting-point for the route over the Chilkoot Pass. Lively, indeed, are his adventures in getting over the wastes of snow and rock. His descriptions of Circle City, Koserefski and Fort Saint Michael, to say nothing of Dawson City and the Klondike mining region, are well seasoned with anecdote and the sort of statistics that will turn the head of many a young man not willing to let well enough alone. What is quite remarkable about these new diggings and washings is their relative freedom from violence, murder and other excesses associated with the opening of a new country. The author declares the average Alaskan prospector to be outwardly as quiet, orderly and well behaved as a Sunday-school teacher. Some of the English people, at least, have made themselves and their wives exceedingly comfortable in this region of long-winters and short-summers.

When the author reached Bering Straits, which he expected to find bridged with ice, he discovered that this strip of water was never, even during the severest winter, entirely frozen over from shore to shore, though the straits were more or less closed by ice floes from the end of October to the middle of June. Between the abundance of wild fowl which yielded sport and the mosquitoes which furnished misery, the middle term of enjoyment was found in tobacco while waiting at Fort Saint Michael. On 8 Sept. 1896, having crossed the Straits on the cutter Bear, the author lived four months among the Tchuktchis, where he was virtually a prisoner. He gives a moving account of these people who live amid the fogs and gloom of northeastern Siberia, where wood and iron are lacking, but where whalebone is used for beams and seal oil and deer bones are used for fuel, and walrus hide is the substitute for lumber. The author's record of life amid these people, whose struggle for existence is a terrific one, may tax credulity. As soon as a native becomes weak, disabled or unable to keep up in the struggle for life, he is, with all due ceremony and observance of proprieties, strangled. This, however, is nothing more than what is practised by the Indians of Alaska, as missionaries well know. An American whaler finally hove in sight. Plying his native companions in the hope of whiskey, Mr. De Windt was able to get on board the ship Belvedere of New Bedford, Mass. In the appendix he gives excellent information to prospecting travelers who are troubled with the disease called up north "Klondicitis."

"The Century Atlas"

Edited by Benjamin E. Smith. The Century Co.

THE GROWTH of geographical knowledge and the political changes which make it necessary every now and then to bring out a new Atlas of the World, are both very fully recognized in the new "Century Atlas," the first in such maps as that of the regions around the North Pole; the second in several series of historical maps dealing with the ancient world, and with the development of England, France, the United States, South Africa, and other countries. The publication presents several other features of interest. It is intended for Americans, and therefore gives almost seventy maps to this continent, the greater number being of these United States and Territories. But the most important portions of the old world are also very fully shown. In all, including the inset maps, there are no less than 295, all of which have been specially made for this work, and have been based upon the latest statistics, and the results of recent explorations.

Though very full, the maps are among the clearest we have seen. Owing to careful spacing, it is easy to find any name of country, town or river—a merit which will be appreciated by everybody who has much occasion to use an atlas. The system of coloring which denotes the height of mountains and the depth of water in seas and harbors, as well as the changes of boundaries, is also readily comprehended, and makes it easy to derive much information from the maps themselves, which would ordinarily have to be looked for in accompanying text, or in the pages of a gazetteer.

In foreign countries, the local spelling of geographical names has been followed, though when an anglicized form has come to be adopted in common use, that also is given. The index is believed to be the fullest in existence, giving about 70,000 names of places in the United States alone, and in foreign countries about 90,000. In each map the latitude and longitude are marked off by numerals and Roman letters in order to facilitate the finding of any place whose name appears in the index. The population of important towns, taken from the latest official census, is given in the index, though it is also indicated in a more general way by the type in which the name appears on the map. There is a separate index of ten pages, or forty columns, to the historical and astronomical maps.

The volume, which, notwithstanding its fulness is of a convenient size for easy reference, is substantially bound in leather, with muslin joints and marbled edges, and is ornamented in a style like that adopted for "The Century Dictionary" and "The Century Cyclopedia of Names."

"An Account of the Victorian Drama"

By Augustin Filon. Trans. from the French by Frederic Whyte, with Introduction by Henry Arthur Jones. Dodd, Mead & Co.

THIS is a work of marked literary excellence, and distinct critical and historical value, written by an accomplished scholar and acute, if not altogether unprejudiced, observer. Doubtless some of M. Filon's views and conclusions bear the impress of his nationality and early training, but, on the whole, his judgments are clear and lucid, and evince a thorough knowledge of his subject. It is only when, confessedly, he is looking through the eyes of others—of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones or Mr. Clement Scott, for instance—that his generalizations appear less convincing. When he follows the lead of Mr. William Archer, of whom he is a great admirer, he finds a surer guide. The greater part of his observation, however, is personal. His essays not only show wide reading and good scholarship, but are full of a humor always sprightly and occasionally very trenchant.

Of course he has nothing new to tell of the prominent figures of the thirties, forties and fifties, but his account of theatrical life in the provinces, during that period, is vivacious and amusing, and his estimates of the principal actors of the time—Kean, Macready and the rest—are discriminating and just, although he fails to give due credit to the abilities of Samuel Phelps. His

analysis of the plays of Douglas Jerrold and other contemporaneous writers is remarkably keen (even if he makes the mistake of judging old dialogue by modern rules) and shows his thorough appreciation of dramatic situation. His exposure of the pinch-beck quality of most of Lytton's plays is merciless, and most entertaining. The greater part of what he says is true enough, but Lytton was not all charlatan, and M. Filon, probably, would not have been quite so ferocious in his assault upon him, if he had not taken such liberties with the characters of Frenchmen in general and of Richelieu in particular.

Of the state of universal degradation into which the London theatre fell after the Macready era, he gives a scathing description, being particularly severe on Tom Taylor. Beyond doubt he was a plagiarist, but he was not an unskilful adapter in his way, nor altogether unversed in human nature, and the art of dramatic situation. Certainly he was not such a pretentious imposter as Boucicault, whom M. Filon flays in delightful fashion, while according him all the credit which he deserves for the vein of humor in his idealized Irish plays. Of course he makes a good deal of fun of the British censorship, but he would be a bold man who should maintain the existence of a wise and broad censorship to be a bad thing, especially in the light of recent occurrences. To British burlesque he devotes more space, perhaps, than anything so utterly contemptible is worth.

One of the most fascinating chapters in the book is that which relates the birth and growth of the Robertsonian comedy. Many students of the stage will be inclined to think that he puts Robertson on rather too high a pinnacle as a dramatic reformer, although no one will dispute the value of the example which he set in making his characters act and talk like the human beings of everyday life. After all, it was in the portrayal of the superficialities of manner that he excelled, rather than in the deeper study of human nature. Even in "Caste" there is much that is exaggerated and untrue. Beyond question the opening of the Prince of Wales's Theatre by the Bancrofts was a great advance in the direction of naturalism, and, in this limited sense, Robertson may be regarded as the founder of a school; but his influence did not extend very wide or very far, and the most successful playwrights of the present day, such as Messrs. Pinero, Grundy and Jones, can scarcely be accounted his disciples. To each of these writers M. Filon devotes a chapter of shrewd and appreciative criticism, as well as to Mr. W. S. Gilbert, with whose peculiar humor he is not fully in sympathy, though he pays a high tribute to his great abilities. Attention must be called to the eloquent and subtle analysis and comparison of Tennyson's plays—in two of which, "Queen Mary" and "Harold," M. Filon discerns the true dramatic quality which entitles their author to be ranked among the playwrights of the century,—and to the fine and discriminating study of the genius of Sir Henry Irving. Some readers will decline to accept his estimate of the latter as a Shakespearian actor, but there will be universal agreement with his general view of the services rendered to the British drama by this distinguished actor and manager. Another chapter contains an enthusiastic appreciation, in which the influence of Mr. William Archer is plainly observable, of the plays of Henrik Ibsen. When M. Filon undertakes to explain the reasons of Ibsen's popularity in England, he is accounting for what does not as yet exist. English readers will be gratified to find that this capable French critic is more ready than most English writers to recognize the existence of a genuine British theatre with national characteristics and worthy of comparison with, even if it be much inferior to, the French in respect of literature and art.

The book has been translated with remarkable ability by Mr. Frederic Whyte, is beautifully printed, is provided with a copious index, and is further enriched by a characteristic introduction from the pen of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, who, evidently, has no doubt in his own mind as to the identity of the great playwright of the period.

Baedeker's "Spain and Portugal"

Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons

THE REDOUTABLE Baedeker, ever seeking new countries to conquer, has added "Spain and Portugal" to the list of his invaluable Guide-books. It comes most opportunely; for, though we Yankees do not care to visit Spain at present, we want to know all about the country, and this book gives us a deal of information that we could hardly find anywhere else. In its seven hundred or more closely printed pages we have a minute description of every city, town and village that is of any interest to the

tourist, with the routes and means of travel, the hotels, restaurants, churches, museums, shops, theatres, bull-fights, climate, guides, beggars, money, custom-house regulations, etc. The introductory matter of a practical sort fills thirty pages, and about fifty more are devoted to an admirable historical sketch of Spanish Art by Prof. Carl Justi of Bonn. The great cities are treated with special fulness, Madrid, for instance, getting fifty-five pages. The maps and plans, of which there are fifty-two in all, are very full, and, like all of Baedeker's work in that line, are exquisitely clear in typography, the finest lettering being perfectly legible. Travel in Spain, under the most favorable circumstances, is less comfortable than in most parts of Europe. The railways are slow, express trains seldom running faster than 25 miles an hour, while ordinary trains never exceed 15, and are often behind time at that. The first-class carriages are said to be "like those in France" (which are the worst in Europe) and are often over-crowded. Luggage, as in Italy, is liable to be plundered by the railway employees, and the company does not hold itself responsible for losses in that way. Hotels, except in the large cities, are poor—in many of the smaller towns very poor. "The sanitary arrangements are abominable, the servants frequently lazy, disobliging, and wholly deaf to all requests involving the slightest deviation from the usual national routine." But the increase of foreign travel is gradually bringing about some improvement.

The Centenary Carlyle *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

MR. H. D. TRAILL'S introductions to the several volumes of the Centenary Edition of the Works of Thomas Carlyle are, of course, its chief feature. They present a view of Carlyle which is becoming somewhat common, but is one in which we cannot wholly share. It is that as a prophet he has already perished, though as a writer he is immortal. How this could possibly be, we need not stop to inquire. It is plain enough that Carlyle was often wrong, not only about the present and the future, but quite as much about the past of which Mr. Traill dubs him "the magical rebuilders." Carlyle makes his view of the past live, by putting himself into it; and surely, in the very same way, he succeeds quite as well with his views of now and by-and-bye. Mr. Traill's gentle optimism is based only on his view of the present—a narrower and dimmer view, perhaps, than Carlyle's, with all the latter's crookedness of vision. Carlyle's "present" is still the present in its broad outlines. It has by no means "passed so completely away as to carry with it into the limbo of futilities the predictions which he based upon it"—that is to say, all, or the more important part of them. If that were so, Carlyle would not still be a living force. When the Revolution begins to revolve backwards, there will be an end of him.

The edition, in thirty volumes, is printed on heavy paper, in good, readable type, and bound in dark red cloth, and each volume is ornamented with a portrait by way of frontispiece. The latest to appear are the first six of the eight containing "The History of Frederick the Great."

"Trail and Camp-Fire." *Forest and Stream Publishing Co.*

THE Boone and Crockett Club exists to promote sport with the rifle, exploration, the preservation of large game, and observation of their habits, and to talk and publish books. This last object, we may assume, is the main one; but the society's constitution and the volumes already published by it give hope that much of the talk will be worth listening to and many of the books worth reading. No man can be a member who cannot tell of three fair kills of his own; and traps, the making of large "bags," the killing of game while swimming, or while "crusted" in deep snow, and the killing of females of any ruminant (except the mountain goat and the musk-ox) are forbidden. In a chapter of "Books on Big Game," the writer denounces the fate of Louis XVI on the sportsman who makes hunting a ridiculous sort of business. On the day when the mob came to Versailles, the King entered in his diary that he had killed eighty-one head when he was "interrupted by events." A skilled hunter is not a game butcher; but on the contrary is, or should be, a naturalist.

Several of the papers included in the volume show that their authors are at once hunters, naturalists and entertaining writers. Among these is Mr. A. P. Low's description of the Labrador peninsula, which is a real addition to our geographical knowl-

edge. "Wolves and Wolf Nature," by Mr. George Bird Grinnell, and "Bear Traits," a collection of anecdotes by the same writer, Mr. J. C. Merrill, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt and Mr. Henry L. Stimson, are the other most important contributions. "An African Shooting Trip," by Mr. W. Low Smith, is well illustrated from photographs of South African big game—the lion, elephant, rhinoceros, etc. There are timely and interesting papers on the proposed zoological garden on the Bronx River, and on the efforts of the Club to protect the deer of the Adirondack forest. The frontispiece is a portrait of the late Hon. Benjamin H. Brewster, who was a member of the Club.

New Books and New Editions

"THE PAMPHLET LIBRARY" is a novelty in the ever-increasing list of serial publications, and a commendable one withal. Pamphlets, though from their very nature more or less ephemeral, are not infrequently of permanent historical or literary interest; but after the immediate demand for them is over, they are liable to become rare, and students and critical readers may find great difficulty in getting track of them. The series in question contemplates at present four volumes dealing respectively with pamphlets of political, literary, religious and dramatic significance. The "Political Pamphlets," edited by Mr. A. F. Pollard, is already issued. It contains thirteen pamphlets, among which are Sexby's "Killing no Murder," Arbuthnot's "Art of Political Lying," Steele's "Crisis," No. 4 of Swift's "Drapier's Letters," three of the letters of Junius, one of Burke's "Letters on a Regicide Peace," and his "Thoughts on the Cause of Recent Discontents." The editor contributes an introduction and explanatory notes. The plan is a good one, and is well carried out. We shall look for the other volumes with much interest. (Henry Holt & Co.)

PROF. CHAS. F. JOHNSON'S "Elements of Literary Criticism" has grown out of his college work with students, and is likely to be helpful and suggestive to other teachers. The scattered criticisms of authors, especially recent ones, are the least satisfactory part of the book, and indicate that the professor, like Portia, "can easier teach twenty what were good to be done than be one of the twenty to follow [his] own teaching." We note incidentally not a few slips or misprints; as "Claudius" for the Claudio of "Measure for Measure" (and "arises" for "arise" on the same page), "Stern" for Sterne, "the still moon" (for "morn") in a quotation from "Lycidas," etc. (Harper & Bros.)—"ARROWS; or, Teaching a Fine Art," by Dr. Addison Ballard, Professor of Logic in the University of New York, has reached a second edition. The author is doubtless right in believing that "others besides those to whom they were first delivered may find in them also something in the way of both agreeable and profitable suggestion." (A. S. Barnes & Co.)

"COMPLETE PROSE WORKS by Walt Whitman" includes all that have already been published as "Specimen Days," "Collect," "November Boughs," and a few small pieces under other headings. Of especial interest at the present day are his ideas on "The Spanish Element in our Nationality" as expressed in a letter to some gentlemen of Santa Fé, New Mexico, on the occasion of the 333d anniversary of the settlement of that city by the Spaniards. As it is, the British and German "in our national composition already threaten excess," he writes. "To the composite American identity of the future, Spanish character will supply some of the most needed parts. No stock shows a grander historic retrospect—grander in religiousness and loyalty, or for patriotism, courage, decorum, gravity and honor." And there is no doubt that he meant what he wrote. We are sorry to be obliged to add that various notes and short essays originally written for *The Critic* are included here without acknowledgment. (Small, Maynard & Co.)

"THE FIRST PART of King Henry IV" has been added to the well-known Clarendon Press edition of Shakespeare's plays, edited by Mr. W. Aldis Wright. The critical introduction and the very full notes maintain the high standard of former volumes in the series, which now includes seventeen of the plays. The text, except for slight expurgation, is that of the Globe edition. (New York: Henry Frowde.)—"The Miniature Oxford Horace," edited by the Rev. Dr. E. C. Wickham, Dean of Lincoln,

contains the complete works of the Latin poet in an exquisitely printed booklet which can be carried in the pocket. It is printed on writing paper, with liberal margins for so small a volume, which can be utilized for manuscript notes. A glance at the text shows that it represents the results of the latest scholarship. (Henry Frowde.)

Gladstoniana

The Statesman's Funeral

ON Saturday last, May 28th, William Ewart Gladstone was laid at rest among England's immortal dead in Westminster Abbey. His funeral was a simple one as he requested. Six tall candles burned beside the bier, near which stood the pall-bearers.

The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York were at the head of the coffin, and in line behind them were the Marquis of Salisbury, the Earl of Kimberley, the Liberal leader of the House of Lords; Mr. A. J. Balfour, the Government leader of the House of Commons; Sir William Vernon-Harcourt, the Liberal leader in the House of Commons; the Duke of Rutland, Lord Rosebery and Mr. Gladstone's two old-time friends, Baron Rendel and Mr. George Armistead. Within the chancel stood the Dean of Westminster and behind him were gathered the Cathedral clergy, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the scarlet-and-white-surplined choir, filling the chapel.

The mourners who sat in the stalls nearest to the bier were Mrs. Gladstone, her sons, Herbert and Stephen, and other members of the family, with little Dorothy Drew, Mr. Gladstone's favorite grandchild. The streets were crowded with people to see the funeral procession which was kept in order by five hundred policemen. Before the funeral the body lay in state in Westminster Hall where it was viewed by over a quarter of a million of people of all ranks and conditions of life.

Queen Victoria's Message

The Queen sent the following message to Mrs. Gladstone: "My thoughts are much with you to-day when your dear husband is laid to rest. To-day's ceremony will be most trying and painful for you; but it will be, at the same time, gratifying to you to see the respect and regret evinced by the Nation, for the memory of one whose character and intellectual abilities marked him as one of the most distinguished statesmen of my reign. I shall ever gratefully remember his devotion and zeal in all that concerned my personal welfare. "VICTORIA, R. I."

Bishop Doane's Reminiscences, and Others

Some of the most interesting anecdotes of Gladstone that have yet been published are those contributed by the Bishop of Albany to the *New York Times*. Bishop Doane met Mr. Gladstone for the first time twenty-five years ago at Oxford. He says:—

"When I first saw Mr. Gladstone he was reading in his library, and as I came in, after a word of recognition and greeting, he said to me: 'I am glad you have come in just now, because I am just disproving an old saying of *Blackwood's Magazine*, that no Englishman reads an American book, for I am reading the last volume of the writings of a certain Mr. Alcott. Do you know the book or the man?' And I said 'No, but perhaps a current story of his extravagant ways of speech may add some zest to the book. I cannot vouch for its being true, but it certainly is transcendental.' And then I told him the New England tale of a talk said to have taken place between Mr. Alcott and his wife. Sitting at work in his study one day, his wife, looking out the window at the falling snow, said to him: 'Bronson, it is snowing,' and he replied: 'Ah, my dear, we shall soon be so assimilated to nature and nature will be so completely absorbed in us, that we shall no longer say 'It snows,' but 'I snow.'" And he told me afterward that I had spoiled the book for him."

Bishop Doane has pleasant memories of the House of Commons and of Downing Street, and of garden parties where he met Mr. Gladstone, but particularly of "one delightful evening with him in the house of his most loyal and loving friend, Dean Church, the Dean of St. Paul's, and I recall him as from time to time I saw his most absorbed, devout, and reverent figure in church. I remember once, when the passion of party was at its height in London, bowing to him in St. James's Street, and as he stopped to speak to me four detectives in plain clothes who were shadowing him blocked the way between us for a moment, until they

were satisfied that I was not a Tory conspirator in Episcopal disguise."

A member of Mr. Gladstone's cabinet, in discussing his chief's mental habits with Bishop Doane, said:—

"One night Mr. Gladstone said to him, 'I suppose you think it is strange that I prefer to go home alone from the House every night,' and it was often 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning. And when Lord P. said, 'Yes, and we do not like it in such times as these,' Mr. Gladstone said, 'Well, if I let you walk home with me you would be talking politics, and I must dismiss them when I leave the House. I go home to my study, make my cup of tea over the pot that is boiling on the hob, read two or three chapters in a novel which I left off the night before, always stopping at an interesting place, and then, having drunk my cup of tea, I go to bed with my mind entirely freed from all thought of matters of State, and sleep soundly all night through.'"

A writer in a recent number of *The Westminster Gazette*, speaking of Mr. Gladstone's powers of concentration, said:—

"There he sits, absorbed in his work; now writing rapidly and eagerly for some minutes; now throwing down his pen, and dipping deep into one of the books with which he has surrounded himself. Sometimes a specially favored artist has been admitted to take Mr. Gladstone's portrait, but it is on express condition that the 'sitter' shall not in any way be distracted from his work. Not once does Mr. Gladstone's attention flag, though you may perchance be sauntering about the room in company with a member of his family, or be privileged to have a chat with Mrs. Gladstone as, with the loving pride in all her husband's doings, she points out to you this, that or the other of the objects in the library to which attaches a special interest to him. Not that Mr. Gladstone is altogether indifferent to violent interruptions. In fact, he objects to them strongly, and he does not hesitate to say so. But when it happens that he himself has invited you to 'come into my room,' he forgives you if you appear while he is at work, and works on, undisturbed by your presence or your voice, with an absorption in his occupation which is nothing short of marvellous. Whatever the work may be which he has in hand, it takes hold of him so entirely that he has to be roused from it as most people are roused from sleep."

The Library at Hawarden

Gladstone's library at Hawarden Castle contained eight thousand books. Of these the London *Daily Telegraph* said, some time ago:—

"While the works of Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare abound, there is probably not a single theological work missing which has seen the light since Mr. Gladstone matriculated at Oxford in 1828. Moreover, hardly one work of this kind can be found which, when taken down from its resting-place, will not reveal, on opening its title-page, that it was presented to Mr. Gladstone by its author. Since the death of Dr. Lightfoot no [other] reader remains, either layman or cleric, who has ploughed his way through so much theological literature and retained so much."

The same writer says of the orderliness of Mr. Gladstone's mind:—"Every important letter received by Mr. Gladstone during a public life which commenced in 1832, when he was first returned for Newark, has been put away in boxes, stored in the Hawarden cellars, which, with the dates written in large letters upon their lids, enable him with short delay to turn up any letter of which he possesses the date and stands in need. For sixty years he has kept in memorandum books, noted every day with his own hands, the lists of letters, and, since their introduction, of post-cards written by him. His system, known to his private secretaries, prescribes how the letters written by him are to be copied."

"The Dream of Gerontius"

Mr. J. B. Greenwood writes thus to the Manchester *Guardian*:—

I make no apology for transcribing Mr. Gladstone's acknowledgment of the copy of Newman's "Dream of Gerontius" sent to him by Mr. Lawrence Dillon, of our Reference Library—to whom General Gordon's sister sent a *facsimile* of the scored copy inscribed to "Frank Power, with kindest regards of C. G. Gordon, 18 February, '84," as set forth in Mr. C. W. Sutton's letter, which

appeared in your columns September 11, 1888. I have Mr. Dillon's sanction for giving publicity to this letter:—

"DEAR SIR,—In the interim you describe I must thank you for the 'Dream of Gerontius.' I rejoice to see on it, 'Twenty-fourth edition.' It originally came into the world in grave-clothes, swaddled, that is to say, in the folds of the anonymous, but it has now fairly burst them, and will, I hope, take and hold its place in the literature of the world.—Your very faithful and obt.,
"6, 29, 88."

"W. E. GLADSTONE."

The scored copy referred to above was forwarded by poor Frank Power, the *Times* correspondent, who very shortly afterwards was murdered, to his sister in Dublin, with these words:—"DEAREST M.,—I send you this little book which General Gordon has given me. The pencil-marking throughout is his.—FRANK POWER, KHARTOUM." This tiny, well-thumbed 12mo copy Miss Power forwarded to Cardinal Newman, who replied: "Your letter and its contents took away my breath. I was deeply moved to find that a book of mine had been in General Gordon's hands, and that, the description of a soul preparing for death. I send it back to you with my heartfelt thanks, by this post, in a registered cover. It is additionally precious as having Mr. Power's writing in it." The deep incisive pencil marks drawn under certain lines, almost all of which refer to death, and cry for the prayers of friends, are touching in the extreme. "Pray for me, O my friends!" "'Tis death, O loving friends, your prayers—'tis he." "So pray for me, my friends, who have not strength to pray!" "Use well the interval!" "Now that the hour is come, my fear is fled." The last words underlined before he gave the book to young Power are these:—

"Farewell, but not for ever, brother dear;
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow!"

"The Dream of Gerontius" fills fifty of the small pages in "Hymns by John Henry Newman," New York, E. P. Dutton & Co., 1885.

Mr. Kipling on Schoolboy Etiquette

IN AN AMIABLE moment Mr. Rudyard Kipling replied to the edition of a boy's paper who asked him for a contribution, and now every boy's paper in England and out is petitioning him. The first editor offered this writer, who gets his thirteen cents a word, three-pence a page, and was taken up on it. Mr. Kipling said that he approved of the paper's hints on schoolboy etiquette, and suggested a few more. Among them were these:—

"A confirmed guesser is worth his weight in gold on a Monday morning.

"Never shirk a master out of bounds. Pass him with an abstracted eye, and at the same time pull out a letter and study it earnestly. He may think it is a commission for someone else.

"When pursued by the native farmer, always take to the nearest ploughland. Men stick in furrows that boys can run over.

"If it is necessary to take other people's apples, do it on a Sunday. You can then put them inside your topper, which is better than trying to button them into a tight 'Eton.'

"You will find this advice worth enormous sums of money, but I shall be obliged with a cheque or postal order for 6d., at your earliest convenience, if the contribution should be found to fill more than one page."

An Essay by M. Brunetiere

WHEN M. Ferdinand Brunetiere was about to leave New York, last spring, he accepted an offer from the editors of *The Critic* for the five lectures on Contemporary French Literature given in this city under the auspices of Columbia University, promising to write them out, on his return to Paris, from the very slight notes from which they had been delivered. The manuscript was to be sent to us in July. Later, an extension of time (to September) was asked for and granted; but still the lectures failed to come. As we had announced and advertised them, and many of our readers had inquired when they were to begin to appear, we wrote recently to M. Brunetiere and asked him to make some statement which would exonerate us from blame in the sight of our subscribers. In answer to this request came the very courteous letter of explanation, reparation and regret which we printed

on May 21, in which the writer offered to prepare an article on any branch of contemporary French literature we should name, to atone for his unavoidable failure to redeem his promise.

We have written to M. Brunetiere that we shall be guided in our choice of a subject for the promised article by the wishes of our readers; and we shall accordingly be glad to hear from them as to the branch or phase of Contemporary French Literature on which they would most enjoy hearing his views. The titles of his five Lenox Lyceum addresses on this general subject were "Poetry," "History," "The Drama," "Criticism" and "The Novel."

On that one of these five subjects on which most of *The Critic's* readers would like to hear the eminent critic speak, we shall ask him to send an essay. The polls will remain open until June 30.

The Lounger

I SUPPOSE that all nations have their vulgarities, but it seems to me that we have more than our share and that they were never more in evidence than they are to-day. The existence of war has helped to develop vulgarity to a degree that is scarcely credible. I encountered a flagrant example of this vulgarity on last Sunday as I was crossing town in a Twenty-third Street car. A number of people got in the car at Eighth Avenue, among them a father, mother and son, the latter a child of six or seven years. They had been attending one of the Rev. Mr. Dixon's performances at the Grand Opera House; and, of course, if they were the sort of people who enjoy what they hear when Mr. Dixon speaks, their vulgarity should not surprise one. The child wore a sailor hat and around the rim was a bit of paste-board bearing the legend "To H-ll With Spain. Remember the Maine." Why parents who would allow their child to so degrade himself should have left the "e" out of "Hell," I cannot guess, but I suppose that there is a limit even for people as depraved as they. A decent and Christian spirit to inculcate in their son! If he grows up a bully and a braggart, he will have only his parents to blame. Oh, Patriotism, Patriotism, what vulgarities are committed in thy name!

CERTAIN LONDON JOURNALS are trying to make political capital out of the fact that the Queen did not express as deep regret for the death of Mr. Gladstone as she did for that of Disraeli. I cannot see but that she has done all that was necessary in the circumstances. She sent messages of condolence to his wife, she was especially represented at his funeral—a state funeral, which she had ordered—and her son and grandson were pall-bearers. It was no secret that Gladstone was never a favorite of Her Majesty's. His views on questions of state were absolutely opposed to hers, and if she had expressed as great grief at his death as she did at that of Disraeli, who was an acknowledged favorite, she would have been acting a part. We must not think that because Gladstone was a great man and because he had thousands of admirers, that he was beloved by everyone in England. There were many, on the contrary, who always regarded him as a most dangerous man. About a year ago *The Evening Post* had an editorial on this subject, evidently written by Mr. Godkin, a warm admirer and personal friend of Mr. Gladstone, who was fresh from England, where he had encountered a strong anti-Gladstonian sentiment. That there was such a sentiment was a surprise and a shock to a great many Americans, but it is well known to all who have Conservative Englishmen amongst their acquaintances.

MISS ELLEN TERRY's friends in New York are very sceptical about the rumors that she is going to sever her connection with Sir Henry Irving and join the forces of Mr. Beerbohm Tree. Gossip is always rife upon this subject, and was never more so than at the present time; but if it be true that Miss Terry is going over to the newer house, her friends in New York, and she

has some very intimate ones, know nothing about it. The cable announces that Mrs. Craigie has just finished a romantic comedy in four acts for Miss Terry, in which she and Sir Henry Irving will appear. Mrs. Craigie's success as a playwright seems to be assured before her career in that line is really begun. "The Conquerors" is about to be withdrawn from the St. James's Theatre and will be succeeded by "The Ambassador," which is, as everyone knows, from Mrs. Craigie's pen; and the same author has been commissioned to write a play for Mr. Wyndham, one of the most delightful actors on the English stage, and one whom Mrs. Craigie ought to be able to fit with a play with the greatest ease, because his style of acting has much in common with her style of writing.

CERTAINLY Mr. Cable has fallen among friends in London. Never was an American author received with more kindness and enthusiasm. His readings have met with the greatest success, and he is having, as we say in America, "the time of his life." I am glad that Mr. Cable is giving his readings in drawing-rooms. His voice is much better suited to the requirements of such rooms than of large halls. At his first reading given at Mrs. J. M. Barrie's, he was introduced by Mr. Augustine Birrell. It is mentioned in some of the London papers that Mr. Henry James was the only American present on this interesting occasion. Mr. Cable, we learn from the same sources, has shaved his beard. *The Academy* describes him as "slim and slight, with a high, broad forehead." He "wears a bristling gray moustache, and might be mistaken for a military man, were it not for the sensitive play of expression of his features."

ANOTHER American who has found appreciation abroad is Mr. John W. Alexander. Mr. Alexander's painting, "Le Bol Vert," has just been purchased for the Luxembourg. This is not the first of Mr. Alexander's paintings to get recognition in Paris. Mr. Alexander's success is particularly gratifying, for it has been gained entirely upon its merits. He has never done any thing to "push" himself, but has gone quietly along his chosen path and let the public find him out. This it did in Paris long before New York had shown her appreciation. But now New York is ready to throw laurels at him, and he receives them with becoming modesty.

I HAVE OFTEN wished that I owned something that belonged to Thackeray, but now I am glad that I do not. The reason for this change of heart is that I have just read in the London papers that a silver inkstand that was once the property of Thackeray has been stolen from the house of his son-in-law, Mr. Leslie Stephen, and I have been thinking how I should feel if I possessed such a priceless memento of that great man, and an unfeeling thief should come along and filch it from me. I almost think that in such a case as this it were better never to have loved, than ever to have loved at all. What will that wretched man do with his treasure? Melt it up, I suppose, and sell it for old silver, for he could not dispose of it in its original form without being detected. This is really better, for I should not like to think that any unappreciative scribbler was dipping his pen in the inkstand from which Thackeray dipped inspiration. If this thief is a reasoning thief, he will restore that inkstand to its rightful owner, for no one else will give him as much for it.

M. ZOLA, we learn from a German biographer, began his career as a publisher's clerk at twenty dollars a month. He was industrious, and before long his pay was doubled. Even in those

trying days he pegged away at authorship. Every night when he went to his humble garret he wrote—not much, two or three hundred words; but he wrote very carefully, polishing his sentences and weighing his periods. At last he had enough manuscript written to make a story, "L'Amoureuse Comédie," which he laid on the desk of his employer. M. Hachette looked it over but declined it. He declined it kindly, however. The same fate befel M. Zola's next manuscript. Then the novelist took his wares to M. Hetzel, with whom they found immediate appreciation. It is unnecessary to continue the tale; it is too well known.

IT IS PLEASANT to read that the publishing business is flourishing somewhere. In France the publishers are having a very successful season, notwithstanding the war which is distracting their neighbors across the border.

AFTER ALL is said and done it must be a very exciting thing to be an author. There is a good deal that is like gambling about it; that is, it has the same uncertainty. The rewards may be enormous or they may be nothing, or one book that an author writes may be a great success and another may be a failure. In Paris there are writers who receive 50,000 francs for a serial, and when these stories, which are devoured by romantic dress-makers and sentimental grocers, are published in book-form, no one buys them. On the other hand, there are authors whose books sell by the thousands, who are not read in serial form. And so it goes. The most successful authors are those whose books are made into plays, such, for instance as Georges Ohnet, whose plays are no less popular than his novels.

THE MEMBERS of the Lambs Club should be very well pleased with the result of their "star gambols." Their one week's tour, which came to a close last Monday night, brought their receipts to \$61,000. The net profit, which is to go towards raising the debt on the club-house, will be between \$35,000 and \$40,000.

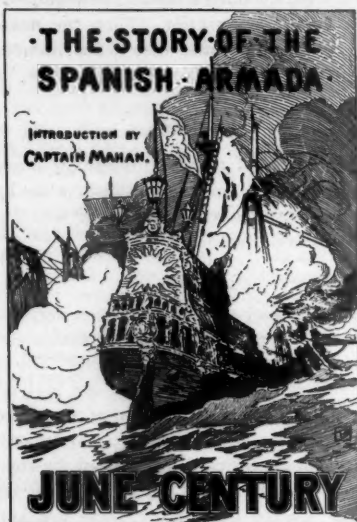
GREAT PREPARATIONS are being made to celebrate the three-hundredth performance of "The Little Minister." The company, with Miss Maude Adams at its head, will go to the Empire Theatre, where the play was first produced, that theatre being larger than the one in 35th Street. No matter what the size of the theatre, this performance will fill it, not only because of the notability of the occasion and the popularity of the leading actress, but because of the gorgeous souvenirs that will be presented to every lady who attends. Instead of being symbolical of the play, the souvenirs will be of a patriotic nature, the American flag being the main idea.

A GENTLEMAN who has recently spent a month in Samoa reports that the house in which Robert Louis Stevenson passed the last years of his life is going rapidly to ruin. It is at present uninhabited and is likely to be so for the rest of its days, though it is reported that Mrs. Stevenson talks of going back there. It is one thing to live on the top of a remote mountain with Robert Louis Stevenson, and quite another to live there without him, and I think that whatever Mrs. Stevenson's intentions may be now, she will find, if she does go back to Samoa, that life there will be unendurable without the inspiring personality of the author of "Treasure Island."

War in the Magazines

"The Century"

ALL the June magazines smell of gunpowder. Their contents are as martial as those of so many arsenals. *The Century's* exterior is the most warlike, with its flame-colored picture of the Spanish Armada. The story of this famous fight is told by Mr. William Frederic Tilton and is introduced by Capt. Alfred T.



Mahan. Of course anything that Capt. Mahan has to say on the subject of naval warfare, whether it be of ships that fought so long ago as the sixteenth century or those that are fighting to-day, is worth hearing. Capt. Mahan gives four reasons for the disasters of the Armada, and all are excellent. He believes that these conditions are preventable by human force and skill, but he is far from denying the current idea that the reactionary despotism of Philip was smitten by the hand of Providence. Mr. Tilton's story of the Armada is described and illustrated from manuscript records and the narratives of survivors.—Then there is a paper on the "Confederate Torpedo Service," by Mr. R. O. Crowley, the electrician of the torpedo division in the Confederate Navy, who laid the mine which blew up the first gunboat ever destroyed by this means. Mr. Crowley's article is unillustrated, wherein an opportunity is missed, for what could be more thrilling than a picture of the fragments flying through the air?—More "up-to-date" than the foregoing is an article on "Ten Months with the Cuban Insurgents," by Major Emory W. Fenn, who served in the Cuban army under Gen. Garcia. This also is unillustrated, and we cannot say that we regret this omission, for while illustrated articles on the Cuban warfare may afford an object lesson, they are not edifying.—Spain certainly holds the first place in this number of the magazine, for besides the articles already mentioned, there is one on "Toledo, the Imperial City of Spain," by Mr. Stephen Bonsal, with illustrations by Mr. Joseph Pennell. This is followed by "Pictures for Don Quixote," described by Mr. W. D. Howells, and illustrated with unpublished drawings by the Spanish black-and-white artist, Daniel Vierge.—With so much war one is likely to overlook the sketches that relate to peace, but he will make a mistake if he does not read "An American School of Dramatic Art," in which Mr. J. Ranken Towse gives a review of Daly's Theatre, the "inside workings" of which are described by the late Mr. George Parsons Lathrop. This article is illustrated with Mr. Sargent's photograph of Miss Ada Rehan, which we have not quite made up our minds whether we like or not, and sketches of scenes "behind the scenes" at Daly's, one being a back view of the accomplished manager in his office-study. We should like to give more time to the discussion of this article, but the war prevents.

"Harper's Monthly"

War in *Harper's* is represented by an article upon "Current Fallacies upon Naval Subjects," by Capt. Mahan. This is in Capt. Mahan's most popular style, and is an article that will be read by the general as well as by the special reader. Capt. Mahan writes that in order to be adequate for defensive purposes

merely, the Navy must be strong enough on the offensive side to strike a great and vigorous blow at a moment's notice. He argues that sea-power is a safeguard of peace.—"A Century of Cuban Diplomacy, 1795-1895" is discussed by Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard, who argues that Spanish rule is repugnant to American taste and instincts, and that in dealing with it, we have shown for one hundred years a good temper and self-restraint which few nations would have displayed. "The Rebel Cipher Despatch," by Mr. David Homer Bates, is still on the subject of war, though war that has passed. "The Situation in China," discussed by "Cathay," the eastern correspondent of the *London Times*, may not mean war, but then again it may. The article certainly is timely. By reason of the amount of interesting matter in the fore part of *Harper's*, we may neglect to notice that away over in a corner on the last page of reading matter is a little note in which Mr. Laurence Hutton bids farewell to the readers of *Literary Notes*. "At the end of twelve years, voluntarily but with no little natural regret," he is severing his connection with this department of the magazine, feeling, he says, "that he and his readers need a rest and a change, and asking for his successor all the kindly sympathy which he himself has received." It may not be out of place to say here that Mr. Hutton has just built himself a house at Princeton, with a library big enough to hold all the books he has and any that he may acquire, and where he hopes to end his days; and that Mr. John Kendrick Bangs will be his successor as the writer of the *Literary Notes*. We shall be interested to see what a writer whose reputation is entirely humorous will make of a literary department.

"Scribner's"

Scribner's is not as warlike as its contemporaries, but still one can scent gunpowder in its pages, for it gives, at the end, some excellent war maps. So far as war is concerned, it will be well to the front in its July number, in which Mr. Richard Harding Davis's "The First Shot of the War" will be heard. Mr. John R. Spears of *The Sun* will contribute stories of the naval fights, and "two well-known army officers of high rank" will furnish papers on the war, not now, but at its close.—The frontispiece of this number is an excellent portrait of George Washington, which the editor doubtless thinks is as suggestive of warfare as would be one of Admiral Dewey. Instead of war papers in this number we have a very interesting account of "Undergraduate Life at Vassar." To judge by the illustrations, we should say that the Vassar girls were harder students than those of Wellesley whose work, as depicted by the artist's pencil in the *May Scribner's*, seemed to be all play. While the Vassar girl has her time for play, she does not neglect her books. She studies at her ease, however, as one may see by her lounging chairs and couches. The real worker is Prof. Wyckoff, who has now become a factory hand. The factory is a great improvement upon the stock-yards, though it is not an ideal business; but then it was not the ideal, it was the real, that Prof. Wyckoff was in search of. Mr. Gibson's pictures illustrative of a New York day are in his most refreshing manner, which is more than can be said of his illustration for "The King's Jackal."

"The Atlantic"

Even *The Atlantic* opens its pages with war. On its cover it prints a picture of the Star-Spangled Banner, which floated there in the Civil War, so it is not altogether an innovation.—The leading article is on "The War with Spain, and After," and is unsigned. The writer of it, in reviewing the situation, advises us to stop after we have driven Spain from Cuba, for "The Old World's troubles are not our troubles, nor its tasks our tasks, and we should not become sharers in its jealousies and entanglements." The advantages of Democracy are to be seen, this writer thinks, in such times as these, for "when occasion demands, stronger and wiser men than any class-governed societies have ever bred" arise.—The paper on "The Uncertain Factors in Naval Conflicts" is by Prof. Ira Nelson Hollis, who writes as one having great confidence in Yankee inventiveness. We have made most of the new appliances for warships and we know how to use them. There is no fear, he thinks, that we shall meet with any great disaster, unless one of our battle-ships should be taken by surprise or overwhelmed by a number of ships. Our naval commanders will therefore do well to see that neither of these misfortunes befalls us.—There is much interesting matter in this number of *The Atlantic* that has no bearing upon battling, and for that its readers should be grateful.

"The North American"

There is a great deal of war in *The North American Review*. Senator John T. Morgan asks the pertinent question, "What Shall we Do with the Conquered Islands?" and seems to answer it at the same time, for he says that all Americans will "welcome her [Cuba] into the sisterhood of American states," and this is going to make the people of this country very happy, for it will be the result of a war for "the noblest purpose that ever inspired a great nation." In other words, according to this high-minded legislator, having sworn that we go to war only for Cuba's freedom, we are to annex the island as soon as we have freed it. The Hon. Hannis Taylor, late United States Minister to Spain, writes on "Spain's Political Future," and warns that country against the "perils incident to Carlism, militarism and the republic." Capt. James Parker, U. S. A., discusses "The Officering and Arming of Volunteers"; Sir William Howard Russell continues his interesting "Recollections of the Civil War"; the Rev. Edward G. Murphy discusses "The Pulpit and War," and Mr. Truxton Beale writes of "The Strategical Value of the Philippines." He who in the plethora of war papers overlooks Mr. W. H. Rideing's "Literary Life in London" misses a most interesting article. Mr. Rideing knows his subject as well as any man. He has been a part of London literary life for a number of years, and knows well both its commercial and social sides. His scornfulness in treating of the literary agent leaves the impression that he has suffered, as so many publishers have, at the hands of this energetic middleman.

"McClure's" and "The American Monthly."

These two magazines fairly bristle with war papers. *McClure's* was originally made up as a peace number, but at the last moment was remade into the most warlike of periodicals. The cover by Mr. Kenyon Cox shows us Liberty, ready to fight the world, and the first thing that meets our sight on turning the page is a portrait of Gen. Miles in his office at the War Department. "Cuba Under Spanish Rule" is described by Gen. Fitzhugh Lee; then there are two pages and more of war ballads by Mr. James Barnes, followed by a description of "How the War Began," by Mr. Stephen Bonsal. Next comes Gen. Miles with a narrative of personal observations and experiences in military Europe, and following this are stories of "Fighting Leaders," with portraits of the leaders. Even the fiction deals with war.—*The American Monthly* is as "newsy" as a daily paper. It is filled with portraits of famous soldiers and sailors, while its frontispiece is a portrait of Mr. Gladstone. The character sketch this month is of Admiral Dewey, and is written by Mr. Winston Churchill. In it we are given a series of portraits of the hero of the hour, representing him at various ages, and we may truly say that not one of them, except perhaps the latest, shows the character of the man as it has been displayed in his fighting record. Mr. Joseph T. Mannix, who was in Manila last autumn, tells of what he saw there, and Mr. Charles Johnston gives us an account of "The Philippines in History." In both *McClure's* and *The American Monthly* there are war pictures galore.

Magazine Notes

In *Lippincott's* there is neither war nor any rumor of war. There is the usual complete novel, particularly interesting as the work of the late Miss Maria Louise Pool, and a number of miscellaneous papers, notably the second one in the series on Charles Lamb and Robert Lloyd. We are inclined to think that its very peacefulness will attract many readers to *Lippincott's*, for though war is certainly a very important topic at the present moment, one is not sorry to take momentary refuge from it.

In the June *Forum* Senator Joseph B. Foraker writes of "Our War with Spain: Its Justice and Necessity," the Hon. John A. T. Hull of "The Hull Army Bill," Mr. Robert T. Hill of "Cuba and its Value as a Colony," and Mr. Joseph E. Chamberlin, war correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* and *Boston Transcript*, of "The War for Cuba." Other subjects are treated, and some of them will attract attention in spite of the war.

The New England Magazine turns its back on war, and gives us a fine portrait of Emerson never before published. *The Pall Mall* also puts war behind it, and gets out a number of peaceful interest. The most striking article is perhaps that on "Crime," by Mr. J. Holt Schooling.

More Verses on Omar

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS's lines on Omar Kháyyám, spoken by him at the annual dinner of English Omarians, were as follows:—

"Omar, when it was time for thee to die,
Thou saidst to those around thee, Let me lie
Where the North wind may scatter on my grave
Roses; and now thou hast what thou didst crave;
Since from the Northern shore the Northern blast
Roses each year upon thy tomb hath cast.
Thy more familiar comrades, who have sped
Many a health to thee, send roses red.
We are but guests unto the tavern brought,
And have a flower the paler for that thought;
Yet is our love so rich that roses white
Shall fall empurpled on thy tomb to-night."

Soldier Authors

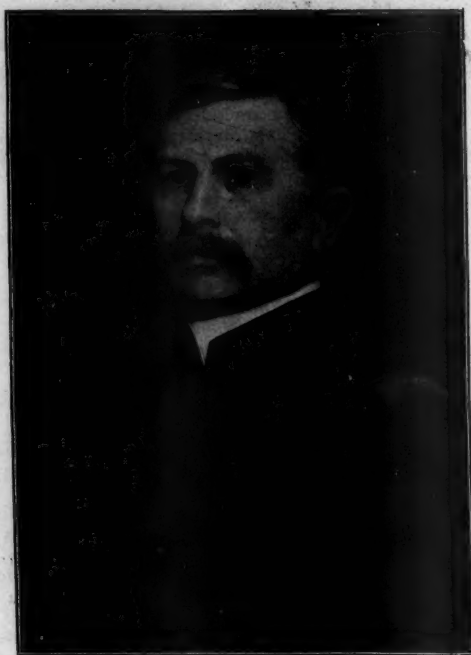
THE five best-known graduates of West Point since the Civil War are Gen. Francis Vinton Greene, Gen. Charles King, Col. Richard Henry Savage and Messrs. Arthur Sherburne Hardy and John Brisben Walker. None of the five has won a reputation as a soldier, but each has become noted in connection with literature or journalism. Mr. Walker is the editor and publisher of *The Cosmopolitan*, and has expended in establishing it as one of the first of the ten-cent magazines an amount of energy and will-power that might have made him victorious on a dozen battlefields. He had long been in civil life and had made a fortune when he became a magazinist.

Mr. Hardy, author of "But Yet a Woman" and other novels, was a friend of Mr. Walker's at the Military Academy, and afterwards helped him edit his magazine; but he was for some years Professor of Mathematics at Amherst College. At present he is American Minister to Persia. It would not surprise us to hear, any day, that he had resigned that post, and started to join Gen. Merritt in the Philippines.

Col. Savage, author of "His Official Wife" and other works of fiction, as well as of a volume of poems, may not rank with Prof. Hardy as a stylist, but he has a large following that will watch his military career with interest, for he has recently returned to the service and will probably see active campaigning in the present war.

Gen. King, who has become so popular under the title of "Captain" King, retired from the army years ago, and has since held a professorship at the University of Wisconsin. On Thursday of last week his appointment as a Brigadier General of Volunteers was announced, and for the present, at least, his many admirers will have to satisfy themselves by rereading his "Stories of Army Life," "The Colonel's Daughter," etc., or his volumes of historical sketches and personal reminiscences.

On the same day that Capt. King was restored to the army and raised to a higher rank than of old, the list of the President's appointments of Brigadier Generals included the name of Col. Greene of the 71st New York Volunteers. Gen. Greene is a son of Gen. George Greene, the oldest living graduate of West Point, who last month reached the age of ninety-seven years. He was born in 1850, and in 1870 was graduated from the Military Academy at the head of his class. Surveying our northwest boundary and suppressing the illicit distilling of whiskey occupied his time for some years after he received his commission as a lieutenant; and when the war between Russia and Turkey broke out in 1878 the Government sent him to Russia to watch its progress. He was present at the battles of Shipka Pass, Plevna, etc., and often under fire, and the Tsar and the King of Rumania more than once honored him with decorations for gallantry. When the war closed he became its historian, his work on the subject being now the standard in all countries, except Turkey. Besides this history, he is the author of "Sketches of Army Life in Russia," "The Mississippi" in the Scribners' Campaigns of the Civil War, and "Nathanael Greene" in the Appletons' series of Great Commanders. He resigned his commission as a Captain in 1886, and for some time past has been President of the Barber Asphalt Paving Company, a post calling for executive ability of a high order. But his resignation from the army did not indicate a loss of interest in military affairs, and he soon became identified with the National Guard, the outbreak of the war finding him Colonel of the 71st Regiment—one of the first organizations in the field. It was just before his regiment's assignment to duty in or near Cuba, that Col. Greene was promoted and ordered



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE CRITIC COPYRIGHT 1898 BY HOLLINGER & CO.
GEN. FRANCIS VINTON GREENE

to the Philippines. He is one of the general officers of whom most will be expected if the war lasts long enough to show what they are good for.

Gen. Greene's departure deprives *The Critic* of his valued services as a reviewer, but proves our prescience in getting him to sit for the accompanying portrait some time before the President's first call for volunteers.

Notes

THE well-known firm of Boston publishers, Messrs. Estes & Lauriat, has been reorganized and will hereafter be known as Dana Estes & Co. The members of the organization are the same, with the exception of Mr. C. E. Lauriat, Jr. and Mr. I. R. Webber, who retire. The new firm will carry on the publishing and book-selling business at 196 Summer instead of 301 Washington Street, Boston.

Mr. Oscar S. Straus, formerly Minister to Turkey, has been reappointed to that post, in which he made an excellent record, by President McKinley. His appointment is made noteworthy by the fact that he is a Democrat. Like so many other of Mr. McKinley's chief diplomatic appointees, Mr. Straus is a man-of-letters, being the author of "The Origin of the Republican Form of Government in the United States," a life of Roger Williams, "The Development of Religious Liberty in the United States," various periodical articles, a treatise on "The Reform of the Diplomatic Service" and another dealing with the Venezuelan controversy. He is President of the American Jewish Historical Association.

The recent appointment of Mr. B. E. Fernow as head of the State College of Forestry at Cornell has made a vacancy in the Division of Forestry, Department of Agriculture, at Washington, which is to be filled by the selection of Gifford Pinchot as Chief. The Division of Forestry hitherto has been simply a bureau of information, with little field acquaintance with the forests of the country, but its organization permits of a conspicuous increase in field work, and consequently a closer relation to existing problems and difficulties. The newly appointed Chief will have an opportunity, and little else; but this opportunity is of the best. The great question of forest fires still remains to be studied, and the true relations of forests to present methods of lumbering are almost equally unknown. But the paramount object of a forester should be forest management, and unless the new Chief succeeds

in finding forests to manage, his most promising chance for usefulness will remain unused. Mr. Pinchot is the man whom experts would have named as the fittest to be found for the potentially important post of National Forester. So far as his success depends upon his own capacity and efforts, it is assured in advance.

Miss Ellen Glasgow, author of "The Descendant," has written a new novel with the singular title, "Phases of an Inferior Planet." It will be published this month by the Harpers.

The article on John Jacob Astor, the founder of the Astor fortunes, which Mr. William Waldorf Astor has written for the July number of *The Pall Mall Magazine*, is to contain much matter hitherto unpublished. It is compiled from documents and letters in the possession of the author, and is to have many illustrations—among them a copy of Gilbert Stuart's portrait of the first American Astor.

Messrs. Lippincott will publish "Iota's" new novel, "Poor Max" (which is said to be her best), during the present month.

W. E. Henley has been awarded a pension by the Queen for his services to English literature. If loyalty counts for anything, Mr. Henley deserved a pension on that score alone, for he is, to use a common phrase, "more loyal than the Queen."

The Sir Walter Scott Memorial Association, through whose efforts a bust of Scott was placed and recently unveiled in Westminster Abbey, desires to present a replica of it to the Boston Public Library, and the Secretary of the Association, Richard Lees, has communicated the desire of the Association to Ambassador Hay, who made the address at the unveiling of the original bust in Westminster.

Mr. Arthur Waugh's "Legends of the Wheel," published by Mr. Arrowsmith of Bristol, has attracted flattering attention in England. The dedication to his wife is very pretty, as the closing stanzas show:—

"By Chorley Wood, by Chalfont stream
We've rested too towards eventide,
At some forsaken gate to dream
Where Milton sang and Waller died.

The storm was never yet too strong,
The wind had ne'er too keen a grip,
The way was never yet too long,
To weary our companionship.

The road shows many a smarter pair:
Our clothes are plain, our shoes are dusty,
My wallet looks the worse for wear,
Your very handlebar is rusty:

Yet, while we keep one pace, we two,—
And our cyclometers agree,—
You say I'm good enough for you,
I know you're much too good for me."

Dr. Edward Everett Hale's story "The Man Without a Country" has been republished. In a new introduction Dr. Hale says:—"The man who, by his sneers, or by looking backward, or by revealing his country's secrets to her enemy, delays for one hour peace between Spain and this Nation is to all intents and purposes 'A man Without a Country.' He has not damned the United States in a spoken oath. All the same he is a dastard child."

Mr. R. H. Russell announces "Cuba at a Glance," by E. B. Kaufman and A. O'Hagan. Original letters from leading Cuban insurgents add to the book's interest.

Mr. Edward Wilberforce sends the following personal recollection of Thackeray to *The Spectator*:—"Just after the completion of 'The Newcomes,' he told me how he was walking to the post-office in Paris to send off the concluding chapters when he came upon an old friend of his, who was also known to me. 'Come into this archway,' said Thackeray to his friend, 'and I will read you the last bit of "The Newcomes."' The two went aside out of the street, and there Thackeray read the scene of the Colonel's death. His friend's emotion grew more and more

intense as the reading went on, and at the close he burst out crying, and exclaimed, 'If everybody else does like that the fortune of the book is made!' 'And everybody else did!' was my comment. 'Not I,' replied Thackeray, 'I was quite unmoved when I killed the Colonel. What was nearly too much for me was the description of "Boy" saying "Our Father." I was dictating that to my daughter, and I had the greatest difficulty in controlling my voice and not letting her see that I was almost breaking down. I don't think, however, that she suspected it.' Perhaps a future volume of the 'Biographical Edition,' the one containing 'The Newcomes,' will throw light on this subject, and tell how far Thackeray was right in his conjecture."

A fourth edition of "The Celebrity" by Winston Churchill is announced by The Macmillan Co.

There seems to be a revival of interest in London in the writings of Pierre Loti. An edition of his more important works is soon to be brought out there.

The Rev. Dr. Arthur T. Pierson has written a life of the late George Müller which the Baker & Taylor Co. will publish in the autumn. Dr. Pierson, who was intimately acquainted with Mr. Müller from 1878, and frequently visited him at Bristol, has been for some years gathering material for this biographical work.

"Types of Literary Art, from Chaucer to Arnold, an Introduction to English Literature," by Andrew J. George, of the Department of English at the High School, Newton, Mass., is the title of a book announced for publication by The Macmillan Co.

"Thanks to the generosity of Sir Arthur Hodgson," says *The Athenæum*, "the Shakespeare Library at Stratford-on-Avon is no longer open to the reproach of lacking the very corner-stone of such a collection—a copy of the First Folio Shakespeare. The Ashburnham example, purchased on Wednesday last of Messrs. Sotheman for 585*l*, is to go to the Shakespeare Library. It is a very good ordinary copy, perfect, but with numerous minor defects, which do not interfere with its literary or antiquarian value. It measures 12 3/4 by 8 3/4 in."

The third volume of Mr. Clowes's "History of the Royal Navy," which Little, Brown & Co. will probably publish in June, will cover the period from 1714 to 1802, a period which saw the rise of Nelson, and includes the battles of the Nile and Copenhagen.

Dr. Conan Doyle is ambitious to represent the Portsmouth Liberal Unionists in Parliament. The London *Outlook* says he should know something of the worries of an M. P. for a dock-yard constituency, for the Portsmouth people claim him as one of themselves by virtue of his eight years' residence at Southsea.


Mr. Eric Mackay, the author of "The Love Letters of a Violinist," has ready a new volume of poems, which he will publish in the autumn.

The London *Daily Chronicle* announces that there is a prospect of M. Munkacsy's being removed to Hungary from his present asylum at Enderich. His wife takes long drives with him in the country, and he seems thoroughly to enjoy them, but the artistic spirit is dead within him.

Mme. Réjane is said to be admirably fitted with her new play "Zara." An enthusiastic critic says that the playwrights, MM. P. Berton and Charles Simon, "have handled a risky subject with talent, and above all with an utter discarding of vulgarity," and adds that "Mme. Réjane showed a subtle pathos and originality which could scarcely be equalled by any living French actress."

Publications Received

- | | |
|---|------------------------------------|
| Alden, I. M. The Prince of Peace. | Lothrop Pub. Co. |
| Babcock, W. H. Cían of the Charlots. | Lothrop Pub. Co. |
| Barnett, E. A. A Champion in the Seventies. | Herbert S. Stone & Co. |
| Baskett, J. N. At You-All's House. \$1.50. | The Macmillan Co. |
| Bates, J. H. Christian Science and its Problems. 50c. | Eaton & Mains. |
| Bliss, N. K. The Concert-Director. \$1.75. | The Macmillan Co. |
| Brooks, E. S. The True Story of Benjamin Franklin. | Lothrop Pub. Co. |
| Dana, J. D. Revised Text-Book of Geology. Ed. by W. N. Rice. | American Book Co. |
| Dodge, W. P. The Sea of Love. | London: John Long. |
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